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S U P P L E M E N T

Ephemerides, TO THE
K

L A D I E S' D I A R Y,

F O R T H E Y E A R 1788.

Containing a LIST of all the ENIGMAS, from the Beginning of that Work in the Year 1704; also several additional Answers to the ENIGMAS, &c, proposed last Year, and some new ENIGMAS and CHARADES to be answered next Year, for which there was not room in the Diary itself.

By the DIARY AUTHOR.

[P R I C E S I X - P E N C E.]

L

A

No.

I

33

74

102

109

128

130

Fr.

1727

154

155

171

233

218

281

326

Pr.

1753

433

455

529

541

61

650

692

4

1

1

1

3

4

9

99



S U P P L E M E N T
T O T H E
L A D I E S' D I A R Y,
F O R T H E Y E A R 1788.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of all the ENIGMAS, with their NUMBERS.

No.	Names.		
	A		
1	ALPHABET	107 Bell	403 Buckles
33	Almanac	108 Briefs	404 Bible
74	Ambition	110 Bridle for a Scold	412 Ball
102	Adam and Eve	Pr. Bottle	413 Bridle
109	Athos, Mount	1723 Beehive	422 Bastard
128	Auriculas	143 Bed	439 Barber's-block
130	Afs	162 Brush	463 Barber
Fr.	Alphabet	166 Books	473 Blank
1727		192 Bladder	477 Bachelor, Old
154	Ague	1 Lat. Bee	492 Bridle
155	Alphabet	1734 Bifextile	507 Bottle-screw
171	Alminæ	Pr. Black-lead Pen-	522 Black-pudding
233	April Day	1739 cil	Pr. Bees-wax
248	Ants	340 Button	523 Bed
281	Alphabet	Pr. Button-hole	525 Bee-hive
326	Alderman	1740 Bubble	539 Blush
Pr.	Almanac	265 Bridle	551 Bonnet
1753		284 Beard	566 Barrenness
435	America	288 Bonefire	Pr. Barometer
450	Ashes	295 Barber	571 Beard
529	Air	296 Bell	579 Button-hole
541	Amen	Pr. Blank	580 Bow
616	Arrow	1748 Bed-curtain	Pr. Butter
656	Ace	311 Bulrush	601 Bones
692	Auctioneer	317 Bone-lace	606 Bed
B		324 Beans	643 Beauty
4	Bed	332 Bell and Rope	652 Bread
13	Barley	346 Box-iron	691 Bell
15	Bell	372 Billiard-balls	C
19	Bastard	379 Barley or Malt	23 Custom
37	Bell	386 Buttons	28 Conscience
49	Brandy	398 Bird's-nest	35 Clock
92	Bellows		36 Corn-
99	Beard		

Diary Supplement, 1788.

36 Compafs	299 Country-dance	181 Drunkenness	578
47 Chaos	308 Chimney-sweeper	184 Darkness	615
Pr. Coal-pit	315 Coxcomb	1 L. Dormouse	634
1714 Covetousness	329 Cypher or O	1733	663
60 Conscience	3 Lat. Cane	232 Death	9
66 Candle	1752 Cow-tie	237 Death	18
72 Comb	351 Child's-coral	241 Dream	1
76 Content	358 Cat	247 Darknes	65
Pr. Content	362 Crown	254 Drum	Pr.
1718 Cards, a pack of	366 Card-table	266 Drinking-glass	1717
86 Charity	388 Candles	364 Darkness	79
Lat. Coal	395 Cheese	382 Dish-clout	89
1720 Cane	397 Curtain	384 Drunkenness	120
100 Conf. and Vowels	426 Caterpillar	420 Death	122
2 Lat. Coat of Arms	434 Christ. Religion	430 Dream	127
113 Coat of Arms	436 Cloud	471 Door	Pr.
Pr. Cannon	445 Cullender	493 Dew-drop	1725
1724 Compass	Pr. Cocoa-nut or	548 Doll	Pr.
136 Cotton in an	1762 Chocolate	Pr. Dice	1726
Ink-horn	457 Colours	589	147
145 Clock	464 Coach	611 Door	158
Pr. Cuckold	476 Cork-tree	649 Dish-clout	168
1728 Cork	484 Christmas-day	673 Diphthong	Pr.
183 Candle	485 Cane	E	1732
193 Candle	490 Corn-fan	8 Echo	Pr.
397 Cock	494 Cook	17 Enigma	1735
216 Cypher	495 Comma	58 Echo	2 Lat.
219 Clock	Pr. Coffee	84 Edge of a Pen-	175
Pr. Cream	1769	knife	225
1736 Corn-mill	517 Cough	101 Enigma	Lat.
224 Cards	537 Cribbage-board	Pr. Ellipse	1738
2 Lat. Cards	Pr. Coral	1727	245
1739 China Tea-pot	553 Cradle	161 Egg	283
Pr. Cockpit, Aaron	559 Christmas-box	164 Enigma	286
1741 Cockpit, Aaron	561 Chimney-sweeper	191 Echo	322
249 Cushion	569 Candle	196 Eddish Cheese	332
Lat. Chair	664 Cheese	270 Exciseman	2 Lat.
1742 Clock stocking	672 Conscience	303 Equal	1751
Pr. Corracle	680 Coat	304 Echo	1 Lat.
1745 Cheerfulness	682 Corn	Pr. Enigma	1752
276 Candle	D	1749	352
280 Cupid or Love	26 Darkness	316 Extinguisher	3 Lat.
297 Clock	78 Diary	381 Eunuch	1753
	94 Discord	399 Enigma	Pr.
	Pr. Dice	400 Eggs	1756
	1722 Dice	421 Eye	401
	159 Dice-box	487 Earth	405
	167 Drum	549 Ear-rings	417
		564 Ear	429
		578 Ewe	

List of Enigmas.

5

578 Ewe	515 Fire	Pr. Hexameter Verse
615 Egg	528 Four Manils	1720 Hoop-petticoat
634 Enigma	544 Fan	103 Health
663 Eyes	581 Fleshi Anim, or Sex	106 Hare
F	582 Fiddle and F. stick	149 Hymen
9 Fire-ship	585 Fame	151 Hat
18 Fire	655 Flint and Steel	153 Hoop-petticoat
65 Fame	659 Fan	173 Hope
Pr. Fortune	665 Folly	174 Hay-stack
1717	G	212 Horns
79 Fire	16 Gun-powder	223 Harpsichord
89 Figure 9	Pr. Glass of a Tele-	Lat. Health
120 Flea	1711 scope	1737 Highways
122 Fame	44 Glass	259 Hat
127 Fighting Cock	52 Gown, a flowered	261 Horse-shoe
Pr. Fire-engine	59 Grandfire Bob	278 Hunger
1725	85 Gold Ring	Pr. Husband
Pr. Fox	Lat. Garlick	1747 Hope
1726	132 Grave	339 Hoar-frost
147 Fork	135 Gout	363 Horse, Double
158 Foot-ball	156 Grave	Pr. Ham
168 Fish-net	177 Gnat	1755 High-crowned
Pr. Fishing-line	214 Gras-hopper	Hat
1732	217 Garter of St.	416 Hair
Pr. Faggot	George	424 Hope
1735	Lat. Gloves	444 Happiness
2 Lat. Fly	1743 Gridiron	446 Hide-stamp
175	261 Goose	449 History
225 Fiddle	Pr. Goose	Pr. Hyp
Lat. Fingers and Toes	1746 Garter	1763 Health
1738	318 Goose	Pr. Hay-rick
245 Fart	456 Garden-roller	1768 Honey
283 Frost	475 Glass	Pr. Hand
286 Fan	480 Garter	1770 Human Life
322 Fringe	488 Good-Friday	516 Hudibrast. Verse
332 Fly-cap	505 Gate	535 Hunger
2 Lat. Foot	574 Glow-worm	540 Horn
1751	626 Gardener	552 Hair
1 Lat. Flint	627 Grapes	375 Harrow
1752	637 G, the Letter	619 Happiness
352 Fame	638 Good-nature	629 Hay-stack
3 Lat. Frog	661 Glass	633 Heart
1753	H	644 Hair-
Pr. Fishing-fly	46 Hope	
1756	A 3	
401 Frost		
405 Fashion		
417 Feather Bed		
429 First-rate Man of War		

644 Hair-pencil
645 Horns
677 Halfpenny
685 Hope
I.
41 Jealousy
45 Ice
63 Innocence
126 Jealousy
194 Jersey Combs
201 Ice-decanter
2 Lat. Ice-decanter
1734 Jack at Bowls
221 Ignorance
257 Jack at Bowls
285 Informer
298 Ink
326 Incubus
2 Lat. Incense
1752 Jonah
1753 Impression of a Seal
373 Judgment
546 Ivory Comb
565 Imagination
584 Interest
593 I (the Letter)
658 Joke
666 Jacks of Harpsic.
674 Jealousy
K
55 Knave of Clubs
67 Kiss
152 Kiss
182 Knitting-pins
1 Lat. Key
1736 Knave of Clubs
289 Kiss
Pr. Kiss
1758 Knife and Fork
534 Kiss
623 King's Arms
660 Knocker

L
3 Lace
36 Loadstone
38 Looking-glass
44 Looking-glass
Pr. Looking-glass
1715
64 Looking-glass
78 Ladies Diary
111 Looking-glass
Pr. Letter
1729
Pr. Lock
1731 Lemon
202 Letter R
203 Liberty
207 Loupe
222 Looking-glass
3 Lat. Light
1737
2 Lat. Leek
1740
246 Looking-glass
259 Lock
261 Light
2 Lat. Lie
1744
269 Letter A
274 Lady's Picture
291 Laughter
306 Love
309 Lady's Neck
312 Lady's Locks
343 Lady's Joseph
402 Lady's Diary
428 Locusts
455 Letter O
472 Laughter
49 Licorice
491 Letter I
497 Letter R.
498 Lady's Sampler
502 Lead
512 Love
513 Lottery Wheels
526 Lady's Diary
533 Letter P
543 Lady's Diary

Grk Life
1744 Letter T
554 Light
560 London Letter-stamp
583 Love
607 Little Finger
620 Long. and Sh. Day
621 Lady's Diary
622 Light
630 Ladder
M
22 Money
45 Milk frozen to Ice
Pr. Mercury, the Planet
1713 Planet
61 Money, clipt and recoined
Pr. Mirror
1715
Pr. Moon
1716 Marriage
80 Mushroom
91 Muff
121 Mask
123 Mercury
148 Mustard
157 Man in the Moor
169 Mule
170 Monument
Pr. Misfield
1730 Money
1733 Myrra
Pr. Man
1734 Mince Pie
234 Mind
243 Mouse-trap
264 Mouse-trap
279 Mole
345 Map of the World
361 Monthly Review
365 Mouse-trap
Pr. Marble Statue
1754 Mem.

List of Enigmas.

7

- 406 Member of Parliament
 428 Man
 Pr. Musical Notes
 1764 Maid, Old
 482 Monosyllable
 508 Mile Stone
 518 Minim
 556 Musick
 598 Mushroom
 600 M (the Letter)
 602 Madam
 675 Moon
 695 May Day

 N
 24 Name
 26 Night
 30 No
 31 Newspaper
 70 Nothing
 77 Needle
 125 New Year's Gift
 129 Nightingale
 146 Nothing
 227 Nail
 1 Lat. Needle
 1739 Pr. Nothing
 1744 2 Lat. Nettle
 1750 357 Noon
 360 Newspaper
 371 Narcissus
 409 Nothing
 443 Nun
 453 Name
 467 Night-Mare
 478 Nurse
 570 Needle
 590 Noon
 603 Nail
 604 Nothing
 608 Nose
 609 Noun
 633 Nutcrackers
 689 Nightingale
 690 Nothing

- | | O | | |
|--------|---|------------------------|--|
| | 7 Oyster | 347 Pair of Shoes | |
| 54 | Orders, the five in Architecture | 349 Pin | |
| | 83 Oyster | 353 Parrot | |
| 483 | Organ | 356 Printer | |
| | 547 Owl | 368 Plague and Ague | |
| 618 | O (the Letter) | 374 Peruke | |
| | 625 Oven | 376 Pinfold | |
| 648 | Oak | 378 Portrait Painting | |
| | P | 408 Patch | |
| | 5 Pupper's | Pr. Powder Puff | |
| | 6 Paper | 1760 | |
| 25 | Picture | 433 Peace | |
| | 27 Pen | 452 Pack of Cards | |
| 32 | Pleiades | 459 Pincushion | |
| | 50 Pen | 468 Poetry | |
| 53 | Parrot | 481 Pin Card Basket | |
| | 55 Pain | Pr. Paper | |
| 57 | Proportion | 1766 | |
| | 68 Paper, gilt, made from a Hand-kerchief | 489 Pen, or Quill | |
| 70 | Pride | 503 Plural Number | |
| | 73 Phœnix | 506 Panes of Glass | |
| 95 | Pen | 530 Padlock | |
| | 96 Lins | Pr. Pair of Spectacles | |
| Lat. | Pen | 1772 | |
| 1723 | | 545 Pincushion | |
| Lat. | Pot | 563 Plow | |
| 1724 | | 576 Petticoat | |
| | 195 Pair of Buts | 587 Passions | |
| | 198 Pen | 591 Peep | |
| 209 | Paper Kite | 632 Period | |
| | 213 Pair of Garters | 636 Pen | |
| 229 | Paper | 693 Paper | |
| | 233 Parchment | 694 Pillow | |
| Pr. | Pincushion | Q | |
| 1743 | | 369 Quill | |
| | 260 Pair of Stays | 524 Quarter Guinea | |
| | 277 Pleiades | 662 Quill | |
| | 310 Poverty | R | |
| | 314 Pettyfogger | 11 River | |
| | 319 Pair of Gloves | 42 Rose | |
| 1 Lat. | Purse | 71 Razor | |
| 1750 | | 97 Reputation | |
| | 331 Prostitute | 179 River | |
| Pr. | Palladium | 230 Rod | |
| 1751 | | 287 Reflexion in Glass | |
| | A 4 | Lat. Rook | |
| | | 1748 | |
| | | 324 Rose | |
| | | 341 Robber | |
| | | 348 Reel | |

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348 Reel
 407 Ruff
 447 Royal Oak
 499 Ribband
 500 Rose
 532 Reel
 573 R (the Letter)
 594 River
 597 R (the Letter)
 612 Roast Beef
 S
 2 Shadow
 10 Snow
 12 Seal
 14 Shadow.
 21 Sleep
 29 Ship
 34 Shadow
 Pr. Stamp
 1712 Snuffers.
 48 Ship
 51 Seal
 62 Salt
 69 Salt
 82 Silkworm
 87 Silver Girdle
 90 Summer and
 Winter
 104 Sleep
 105 Shadow
 112 Sound
 116 Spinet
 117 Soul
 124 Smoothing Iron
 131 Scandal
 2 Lat. Sound
 1725 Swallow
 138 Sword
 141 Shadow
 153 Salt
 156 Side Saddle
 165 Spinning Wheel
 180 Snuffers
 187 Sun Fire-Office
 Insurance
 189 Stags Horn
 190 Snow
 199 Sleep

206 Snot
 210 Shuttlecock
 211 Smoak
 2 Lat. Strong Beer
 1736 Pr. Sheet of Pins
 1737 228 Serpent
 Pr. Seal
 1738 231 Shoes
 1 Lat. Scissars
 1740 Lat. Standish
 1741 251 Spectacles
 253 Sign
 Pr. Stranger in a
 1742 Candle
 268 Silver Spurs
 272 Sword
 275 Saw
 292 Silkworm
 295 Silk Handker-
 chief
 301 Shadow
 Lat. Syllabub
 1749 321 Sodomite
 330 Straw Hat
 335 Snow Drop
 340 Steward
 342 Snail
 354 Storm.
 2 Lat. Sun
 1753 367 Sleep.
 375 Snoring
 380 Snail in its Shell
 383 Spade
 385 Salt
 389 Stocks
 392 Spark of Fire
 396 Spit
 Pr. Sabbath Day
 1759 427 Sight
 440 Spur
 470 Shilling

Pr. Snuffers
 1765 486 Sight
 510 Surveyor of Houses
 and Windows
 511 Shadow
 524 Spider's Web
 527 Spider
 531 Snuff Box
 Pr. Sealing Wax
 1773 550 Secret
 555 Salt Box
 557 Snuff
 568 Strays
 577 Skaitis
 586 Sigh
 592 Sheep
 595 Shoe
 610 Swoid
 617 Strong Beer
 639 Ship
 641 Smoothing Iron.
 646 Snuff Box
 647 Silence
 657 Sigh
 667 Scissars.
 669 Sickle
 671 Small Pox
 676 Spurs
 678 Something
 684 Shadow
 687 Sleep.
 688 Saddle.
 696 Sunday.
 T
 20 Time
 32 Taurus, the Con-
 stellation
 39 Thought
 40 Time
 43 Tide
 56 Teeth of a Dog
 Pr. Thought
 1719 93 Tnibble
 115 Tobacco
 118 Thought
 119 Tobacco Pipe
 150 Titles

150
 172
 186
 200
 2 Lat.
 1737
 236
 244
 248
 294
 300
 302
 305
 Pr.
 1750
 227
 Pr.
 1752
 370
 391
 393
 394
 411
 415
 418
 425
 Pr.
 1761
 460
 461
 496
 509
 519
 520
 521
 538
 588
 628
 631
 635

List of Ænigmas.

9

150	Titles of Honour	640	To-morrow	1 Lat.	Walking Stick
172	Tobacco	642	Triphthong	1744	Wafer
186	Truth	651	Tooth-brush	271	Wedding Ring
200	Tobacco Pipe	668	Tongue	273	Fr. Weaver's Shuttle
2 Lat.	Taylor	670	Teeth	1749	V
1737				320	Weather
236	Time	144	Venus	323	Walnut
244	Teeth	220	Virtue	333	War
248	Toast	328	Virtue	377	Wit or Learning
294	Thimble	1 Lat.	Vow	Pr.	Whisper
300	Thought	1751		1757	
302	To-morrow	344	Vowels	410	Woman's Breasts
305	Time	355	Variety	419	Water Engine
Pr.	Twilight	153	Valentine	432	Wicker Cradle
1750		654	Umbrella	437	Wooden Leg
227	Tea	679	U (the Letter)	438	Wedding Ring
Pr.	Trick			441	Wooden Heel of
1752					a Shoe
370	Table Linen	75	Wind	442	Warming Pan
391	Tobacco	Lat.	Wheel	451	Woman
393	Tea Kettle	1720		454	Watch
394	Toast	Pr.	Weathercock	458	Winter's Day
411	Tooth Pick	1721	Weathercock	462	Watering Pot
415	Tea Cup and Saucer	1 Lat.	Weathercock	465	Wing
418	Tail	1725		469	Weaver's Loom
425	Thimble	134	Watch	Pr.	Writing Slate
Pr.	Tear	142	Whalebone	1767	
1761		160	Warming Pan	501	Windsor Chair
460	True Love	175	Walnut	Heb.	Water
461	Time	188	Woodcock	562	
496	Tyburn	Pr.	Windmill	567	W (the Letter)
509	Turn Stile	1733		572	Wedding Ring
519	Tongs	3 Lat.	Wife	599	Wafer
520	Taylor's Sheers	1733		613	W (the Letter)
521	Triangle	200	Wisdom	624	Whisper
538	Thought	205	Walking Stick	650	Window Skreen
588	T Totum	1 Lat.	Whip	681	Wig
628	Time	1735		686	Warming Pan
631	Tear	226	Whalebone		Y
635	Thimble	255	Wool	448	Youth.
		256	Wind		

Answers

*Answers to the ENIGMAS proposed in the LADIES DIARY
for 1787.*

1 Hope	5 Nightingale	9 Paper
2 Warming Pan	6 Nothing	10 Pillow
3 Sleep	7 Bell	11 May-Day
4 Saddle	8 Auctioneer	12 or Prize, Sunday.

**1. The Prize Enigma, Answered by Mr. THO. WOOLSTON,
Master of the Boarding-School at Adderbury, Oxfordshire.**

If first in arms Britannia's sons have shone,
Leading o'er spacious realms her conquering bands ;
As great in deeds divine, her Howard's* known ;
Whose charity extends thro' distant lands.

By Heaven inspir'd, there see the godlike man
Explore infectious dungeons shut from day ;
Now eager to pursue his heavenly plan,
Where plague, wide-waiting, sweeps with dreadful sway.

Eager he flies (nor ever fearful shuns
Proud power nor pestilence) his love to shew ;
And seeks pale mis'ry's most dejected sons,
The minister of heaven to soften woe.

And, next in charity, mild Raikes† succeeds ;
Soft thro' his breast the tide of pity rolls :
For untaught youth, o'erwhelm'd in vice it bleeds,
And heaves a wish to rescue helpless souls.

And lo ! what crowds the sacred courts attend,
By Sunday schools reclaim'd from sin and shame ;
For these, shall thousands praise him as their friend,
And thro' eternity shall bless his name.

2. The same Answered by Mr Philip Rusber.

When doubts and fears assault the woe-worn breast,
And ills succeeding ills no respite give,
The man of griefs, who needs the promis'd rest,
Exclaims with Job, " I woud not always live."

The soul with anxious expectation longs
To hail th' approach of that auspicious day,
When men and angels raise their joyful songs,
One never-ending Sabbath to display.

* The humane reformer of prisons and hospitals.

† The first founder of the Sunday schools at Gloucester.

Prize Enigma Answered.

13

3. An Acrostical Answer by Mr I Townsend.

Supreme first cause, pure essence all divine,
United glories in thy person shine,
Nature harmonious rolls at thy command,
Days, months, and years are in thy sov'reign hand.
And future time thy glory shall attend
Years unrevolv'd; till Sabbaths have an end.

4. The Same Answered by Clericus.

To the Printers of Almanacks all thanks sure are due,
For without them the squire would not sleep in his pew ;
If G the dominical was not right placed,
The pulpit would seldom with pastor be graced :
But Sunday's a day to ten thousand * well known,
From ten thousand Almanack's stamp'd by the crown.

* The number of officiating clergymen in England.

5. The Same Answered by Sylvia.

All ranks of men unto thy courts repair,
To hear thy word, and close the hour in pray'r ;
May we, O Lord, with upright hearts attend,
So may we hope to make the Judge our friend,
And lasting Sabbath spend in realms above,
Where all is peace and harmony and love.

6. Mr Francis Smith thus Answers the Same.

" Blow tempests rude, and beat the pealing rain,"
Thy verse, O Sphynx, for ever shall remain !
And after ages shall by thee be taught
The force of learning in a Sunday thought.

7. The same is thus paraphrastically answered by Miss Sally Browne, Sister to our ingenious Correspondent, Miss Diana Browne, lately married, to whom Lady Di. wishes all Joy and Happiness.

" From dark idolatry my name begun ;"
This day the Pagans worshipped the sun.
" My elder brother is a Jew we're told ;"
That was the Jewish Sabbath fix'd of old.
" For if I rise, my brother must decline ;"
Most surely so, by christian rites divine.

" Who hope in me their sorrows to beguile,"
 " Mourn in my frown, and triumph in my smile :"
 Most true indeed ; for see the beaux and belles
 Morning their Dog-and-Duck, and Bagnigge Wells.
 " I respite malefactors from their doom,"
 " And give the debtor liberty to roam."
 True ;—this day, no culprit makes the gallows groan,
 And the poor debtor stalks abroad from home.
 " Me the wild stripling loves ;"—too oft the case,
 His bat and ball supplies his bible's place.
 " I often stand,
 " Array'd in red, the captain of a band."
 Observe the calendar, you'll there behold
 Fifty-two captains trimm'd in scarlet bold :
 Her ladyship this year is pleas'd to see
 Her Lord's own day, distingui'fhed by a G.
 Thus have I solv'd the prize by ev'ry clue,
 And hope next year 'twill be approv'd by you.

8. The same by Mr Geo Rooth, at Tring Academy.

My lovely Delia long I woo'd,
 Within yon sacred grove ;
 She fled thee arms, I still pursu'd,
 Still breath'd my tender love.
 Till in the chase, Oh, happy hour !
 I caught her as she flew ;
 My life I cry'd, Oh, fly no more ;
 She softly sigh'd, Ah-no.
 My charmer lov'd, no more was shy,
 Nor lov'd she to deceive ;
 For Sunday gave the nuptial tie :
 Oh, think what bliss it gave.

9. The same answered by Mr R Bullock, of Wimbleton.

In times of dark idolatry
 Each day did from some deity
 Its proper title claim ;
 And that when they ador'd the sun,
 Was Sun's day call'd, and is that one
 Which now we Sunday name.

Various other separate and ingenious answers were given by Messrs.
 Rob Allanson, Wm Anderson, T B, J Byley, Mrs Eliz Bewley, Miss
 Margaret Blewes, Wm Bowyer, S Brockopp, Miss Eliza Brufer,

Wm
 Jos C
 Field
 Thos
 Miss
 Long
 Lanby
 Wm D
 Alex
 Swi
 R Wa

I.

Wm Buck, John Burrow, J C, John Cairns, Wm Clanr, Tho Cock,
 Jos C wing, John Culyer, H D, H J Davies, G. Dixon, Rd Dowell,
 Fidlio, Peter Fidler, John Fildes, M Fleck, A G, J G, Wm Gales,
 Thos Gill, J Goole, W H Hull, Miss Polly Harrison, Rob Herdy, junior,
 Miss Betty Hunt, J Hunt, John Jackson, J Kimbell, M L, Henry Lee,
 Long Ac'e, John Lowry, T M, Dr Malfagerate, Marcus, Henry Mel-
 larby, Minck, Jo Nendick, Miss G Newe, Tho Osborne, S Oxley,
 Wm Patrick, Tho Peate, Rd Pidgley, Mrs Eleanor Quelch, Wm Roscoe,
 Alex Rowe, Jn Rusber, John Staford, Geo Stevenson, Jos Swift, Wm
 Swift, J T Tensil, Vicarus, John Unwin, T W Leicester, J Walton,
 R Watkins, Tho Willan, John Williams, and many others.

i. All the Enigmas answered by Trim ; as a despairing Lover.

What a terrible hardship is mine !
 O listen, good folks to my ditty :
 I'm sure I have cause to repine,
 And I'm sure I have need of your pity.

O love is too grievous to bear,
 For it has of my spirits bereft me ;
 All my pleasure away it will tear,
 And nothing of hope will be left me.

6, 1

Once as blythe as the lark on May-day ;
 But how different now is my tone ;
 Like a nightingale once I was gay ;
 Like an owl now I mop all alone.

11

5

When my head on my pillow I lay,
 Soft sleep will not come to my aid ;
 For my thoughts both by night and by day
 Ate on Daphne, that hard-hearted maid.

10

3

Like the coals of a warming-pan hot,
 This passion my brains has so addled ;
 What to say or to do I know not,
 With such sore distreis I am saddled.

2

4

When on Sundays the merry bells rung,
 In town I the smartest was known ;
 Then, cheerful, I laugh'd and I sung ;
 Now mournful and meagre I'm grown.

12, 7

Once how healthy and rosy was I ;
 Now the colour of whity-brown paper :
 I do nothing but murmur and sigh,
 And am wasting as fast as a taper.

9

My senses are wandering far,
How soon they'll be gone there's no knowing ;
And my life like an auctioneer's ware,
Is agoing,—agoing,—agoing.

2. Philadelphia's Invitation to Miss Musgrave of Leeds.

The vernal season greets the sight;
 Oh why then this delay!
My lovely friend, no longer write,
 But come, ah, come away.

When matin bells with cheerful sound,
The welcome day proclaim,
Your pillow quit with lively bound,
No longer sleep maintain.

Then plac'd on saddle hitherto lie;
May nothing you retard;
Since, warm'd by friendships sacred tye,
Assur'd of my regard.

What time the *twilight's* beauteous train
Calls forth a numerous host,
That *hope*, which doth ere while sustain,
In full fruition's lost.

Together let us range the field,
And "cull the new-born flowers;"
Each light fantastic jest shall yield
To sentiments like ours.

A sacred rich repast to taste,
On *Sunday* we'll repair
Where Clercus woos us to be blest
By orthodoxy clear.

Whilst toyshop, and the *auctioneer*,
Or dissipation's wheel
Attract the gay, let us give ear
To the sweet *nightingale*.

3. *The same answered by Mr Wm Evans.*

One eve in *May* as by a stream I stray'd,
Where all the sounds and sweets of spring combin'd ;
The sportive kids around me jocund play'd,
And stole each care and folly from the mind.

With musing contemplative step I walk'd,
While nature's every beauty rose to view;
With every flow'r, with ev'ry shrub I talk'd,
And ask'd for why it bloom'd, for whom it grew.

Enigmas answered.

15

When lo ! a solemn sound assails my ear, 8
 A funeral peal from the next village bell : 7
 To human pride, ah ! what a lesson's here,
 Some fellow-mortal bids the world farewell.

Perhaps some youth with health and wealth elate,
 Those springs of warming hope that cheer the mind; 2, 1
 Saddled in search of joy he yields to fate, 4
 And leaves the gilded lures of life behind.

Perhaps some wretch, to fell despair a prey,
 Whose sleepless pillow drank the nightly tear ; 3, 10, 5
 Some beau or beggar joins his kindred clay,
 Some loving child, or wife or husband dear.

Thus man, the brittle being of an hour,
 As paper-flames his transient joys are gone ; 9
 In full pursuit of riches, fame or power,
 The meagre tyrant marks him for his own.

Let's then, since earth holds nothing worth our care, 6
 Each day, each hour, each moment make our own, 12
 And for that awful period prepare,
 We leave this clay, and fly to worlds unknown.

4. *A Hymn to Hope*; by Mr J. Bumsted, junior, of Colchester.

From blooming graces, loves, and laughing hours,
 Elizian haunts, and Amaranthine bow'rs,
 Where heavenly joys in sweet succession fall,
 Thee, nymph celestial, beauteous *Hope* I call. 1
 Hither, gay queen, and bring the witching belle
 Aurora, blushing from her *May-morn* cell. 11
 In *Wilton* hues, and *Iris* blooms bedreft,
 With vernal treasures fum'd thy snowy breast ;
 While flitt'ring zephyrs fan with od'rous wing,
 And flow'rs beneath, and sweets around thee spring.
 Flown his warm'd pillow, sleep shall bound to meet, 2, 10, 3
 Kiss the fresh print, and page thy lovely feet. 9
 Ah, smooth as *Woolston's* could my numbers run,
 Charming and sweet as either *Richardson*,
 Like *Heaton* moving if my music tell, 7
 Smooth as the cuckoo, sweet as *Philomel*,
 Till haly ground my slumbering dust intold,
 Shouldst thou with me perpetual *Sabbath* hold : 12
 Then scenes immortal we'd exulting gain,
 Where, nought deplored, mutual lovers reign. 6
 Saddled with grief, capricious fortune's sale,
 Slave of stern skies, and ver'd with every gale,
 Be life or calm, or tost in tempests roll,
 Kind anchor thou, and magnet of my soul.

5. On Retirement; by Mr Wm Boyer, of Leyland, near Preston.

Happy the man, whose rural country seat
Affords a pleasing and a calm retreat :
There peaceful rests beneath his shady bow'rs,
And views, with rapture, all his fragrant flow'rs.
No sadd'ning cares disturb his hopeful breast, 4, 1
Nor bawling salesmen do his joys molest. 8

In morns of spring he walks his flow'ry park,
Cheer'd by the matins of the rising lark,
That tow'r on high above the chequer'd lawn,
And welcome with sweet notes the morning dawn. 11
When Sunday bells have call'd him forth to pray'r, 12, 7
With fervent mind adores his Maker there.

And when the sun descends the western vale,
And nothing's heard but tuneful Philomel, 6, 5
With joys refin'd he rests beneath his cell,
That, tho' unpaper'd, yet contents him well. 9
He then retires unto his warmed bed, 2
And on his pillow peaceful rests his head : 10

His pray'rs ended, he with mind serene,
Welcomes sweet sleep to close the happy scene. 3
Thus lives he calm, beneath his silent home,
More blest than kings, or in the gilded dome ;
Peace and contentment fill his humble cot,
And health and virtue crown his happy lot.

6. A hunting Scene; by Mr Robert Mac Waillif.

Ye sons of Acteon awake from your sleep, 3
See Aurora with red gilds the morn ; 11
Hark, the bell loudly calls you with clangor so deep, 7
And the huntsman doth wind the shrill horn.

A while leave your pillows, and breathe the fresh air; 10
Quick saddle your steed for the chace ; 4
Already the hounds are full cry at the hare,
And Ringwood is first in the race.

Tho' warmly pursu'd, on her legs she relies, 2
And hopes to save life by their aid ; 1
But Rover proclaims it aloud by his cries,
She's surrender'd herself, and is dead.

And now, my brave boys, let us homeward repair,
With nothing but joy pass the night ; 6
Where in full flowing bowls we drown all our care,
While the charms of the glass can delight.

Thus with bunting poor puss let us spend each glad day,
 Until Sunday arrives, when we'll rest ; 12
 Nor once dread the gazette, or bailiff's stern sway, 9,8
 While with rural diversion we're blest.

7. *An Ode to May; by Mr John Burrow, of Bolton Field.*

Hail blooming May, whose genial power,
 Calls to new life each fragrant flower,
 In richest dyes array'd :
 Whose balmy breath revives each scene,
 The shady grove, the daisy'd green,
 In verdant beauty clad.

At thy approach the feather'd train
 Renew their long-neglected strain,

Sweet music floats around :

Like auctioneer his note to cry,
 Sweet Philomela mounted high,
 Her sweetest notes to sound.

3

5

At the approach of op'ning day,
 Our pillows leave, sleep flies away,
 In hopes their songs to hear ;
 Nothing can give us more delight,
 When birds with sound of bells unite,
 Together strike the ear.

10, 3

1

6

7

The ladies now their linen clear,
 Till white as paper it appear,
 Or as the driving snow ;
 Which on May-day, or Sunday wear,
 When they like goddesses appear,
 When to the church they go.

9

11, 12

The warming-pan and saddle lie,
 Or careless hang neglected by,
 The time we thee embrace :
 Thou giv'st each heart with joy to glow,
 Our blood in brisker streams to flow,
 Health smiles in every face.

2,4

8. *Mr Thomas Eland's Answer.*

Come, smiling Hope, my pensive bosom clear ; 1
 Hence saddles, pans, and bawling auctioneer : 4, 2, 8
 And thou, sweet sleep, kind soother of each care, 3
 In thy embrace my downy pillow share. 10
 Sweet Philomel, sad tenant of the bower, 5
 The curfew bell proclaims thy lonely hour : 7

Nothing that's human can thy history hear, 6, 9
 But must afford the sympathetic tear.
Ye May-day nymphs, avoid the worthless swain, 11
Whole Sunday's spent in sporting on the plain : 12
 For he who robs his God of honour due,
 Will strive to rob you of your virtue too.

9. *C Luther's Answer to the Enigmas, Rebuses, and Charades.*

When May-day and Sunday together did meet, 11, 12
Rous'd by bells from her pillow, and slumbers so sweet, 7, 10, 3
Jane Richardson, brightest of all the fair throng,
'Twixt Woolton and Richardson tript it along :
As they crois'd the churchyard, like a rainbow all gay,
They met lovely Pearson in bridal array ;
For that day she the hopes of young Nightingale crown'd, 1, 5
Who as needle to loadstone had constant been found.
The youth was the son of a fam'd auctioneer, 8
And sometimes himself did in pulpit appear ;
But still better skil'd in the arts of the chase,
In the saddle he shone with superior grace. 4
A house ready furnish'd he long had prepar'd, 6
Where nothing for splendor or use had been spar'd ;
Rich carpets from Persia were spread on the ground,
And paper from India hung all the walls round. 9
While rang'd in the kitchen in order all bright,
Kettles, sauce-pans, and warming-pan dazzle the sight. 2

10. *A Pastoral; by Mr Wm Gales, of Andover.*

On Sunday ev'ning with my love 12
I took a walk to yonder grove,
To view the beauties of the spring, 11
And hear sweet Philomela sing. 5
While all around harmonious rung, 7
With notes from ev'ry warbler's tongue;
Nothing but heav'n itself could be 6
More pleasing than this was to me :
For ev'ry care seem'd lull'd to sleep,
But that which all true lover's keep, 10, 3
This tender passion of the breast,
I fondly to her there express'd.
But ah! how soon my joy was turn'd
To grief, and I her absence mourn'd ;
Her friends suspecting what was meant,
To distance far her quickly sent,

And well assured her, if the
A correspondence held with me,
She would their sore displeasure gain.
And thus they shew'd me their disdain ;
Intending her for higher life,
To be the highest bidder's wife !
But lo ! 'twas not an *auctioneer*
Was to dispose of love sincere.
She sent a written paper seal'd,
To me, which where she was, reveal'd.
Ere this, by *hope* almost forsook ;
But now a *saddled* horse I took,
And soon beheld her face again,
Whose absence gave me so much pain :
And such returns of pleasure found,
As all my *warmest* wishes crown'd.

3

9

1

4

2

11. *The Enigmas answered by Mr T Truswell, of Nuneaton.*

'Twas at that awful time, that silent hour,
When gloomy darkness reign'd o'er half the surface
Of this earthly globe : the *restless* sun
Had sunk beneath the western hemisphere
And bawling *Ned** had couch'd his weary limbs ;
All, all was night, save where the glimm'ring moon
Diffus'd her lustre through the lealy shade,
Spreading a gloomy horror o'er the fields,
And fill'd the shades with a religious awe.
Beneath an aged oak, beside the stream,
That murmuring flows along the widening vale,
Matilda sat, bewailing her lad woes,
While soft'ning echo renovates her tale.
• Flow on, ye purling rills,' Matilda cries ;
• Low on, ye herds that graze the flowery plains ;
• Bleat on, ye flooks, whose tender lambkins dear
• Have lately felt the tort'ring blade of death :
• For, in the bloom of youth, my Edwin fell.
• Scarce had the vessel felt the rising gale,
• Or heav'd her massy anchors from the deep,
• But soon the affrighted mariner espies
• The dismal gloom ; black heavy clouds appear,
• Huge billows roll, the buoyant vessel skims
• Before the dashing waves ; from shore to shore,
• From rock to rock she drives, till wreck'd in fragments
• To the bottom sinks.—Ah ! wretched youth,
• He yields his soul amid the briny deep,
• And falls a prey to the voracious shark.

4

3

* Edward Lees, a noted Auctioneer in Nuneaton.

- Sleep on ye feather'd songsters of the grove ; 3
- And you, ye shepherd swains, now take your rest,
- Upon your downy pillows lay your heads,
- And dream of bliss serene.—Unhappy me ! 10
- No tongue can half express the pain I feel ;
- Woes after woes o'erwhelm my tortur'd breast !
- Forget my heart to beat, and stop the spring 11
- Of life ; let mournful *Philomela* tell 5
- In future times how died Matilda near
- The banks of Dee, late on a *Sunday's eve*, 12
- And nothing fear'd to share her Edwin's fate.' 6
- Thus spoke the fair, and plung'd beneath the tide,
In hopes to share a part of Edwin's lot, 1
- Whilst solemn bell declares the doleful news. 7

N. B. The 2d a warming-pan, and the 9th is paper.

12. *The same answered by Mr Henry Lee, of Bingham.*

- Saddles to mules compar'd have been, 4
- Cause plac'd a horse and ass between ;
- And some will have a fribble no man 6
- But something man between and woman.
- Abroad Sir Fopling chanc'd to stray,
- I think 'twas in the month of May 11
- The sun forbore to shine that day : 12
- Or else abroad he had not gone,
- But stay'd to play with pug at home ;
- (Vile, naughty fun ! enough to vex one ;
- Thou foe to delicate complexion !)
- Or 'mus'd himself all day within doors,
- Before a glass plac'd 'twixt two windows,
- More earnestly in this he'd lock,
- And thrice as oft as in a book ;
- Except 'twere such as treat of fashions,
- Sword-knots, puffs, pomatum, patches.
- Within a grove, unseen, unhard,
- Except by *Echo*, who each word 5
- Receiv'd with pleasure, and for sport,
- Return'd again with shrewd retort ;
- As on a fish-pond's brink he stood,
- Viewing his image in the flood,
- Tho' long he look'd, the filly elf
- Pretended not to know himself,
- He loud exclaim'd,—that heav'nly shape,
- To whom can it belong ?—“An ape.”
- Those limbs are not robust and bulky,
- But slim, and taper.—*Echo*, “monkey !”

Or Philom. 5

Sure 'tis one of the Naiades,
Or else the goddess of the shades !
O, form divine ! might I but *hope*
Thy embrace to share.—Quoth echo, “rope.”

All other *belles* might wear the willow ;
Thou best would suit these arms.—“A pillow.”

But now a fish that lurk'd hard by,

Sprung up aloft, to catch a fly ;
The ruffled eddies towards him flowing,
Obscure the shade,—’tis going, going !

A lesson to the foppish race,

It shews how wrinkles spoil a face.

But far averse to thoughts like these,
His own dear form too much did please,

He plac'd his hand upon his breast,

Where hearts, if fops have any, rest,

Puff'd up with vanity and pride,

And full of self-importance, cry'd,

Who can resist thee? charming man !

Quoth echo,—“beauty's warming-pan.”

13. *On Happiness*; by Mr John Cullyer, Assistant at Mr
M'Kain's School, Bungay, Suffolk.

What is that state which we call happiness?

That all men strive to gain, yet few possess ;

Yet most men have it in some small degree,

Tho' none in full perfection we may see.

Ask all mankind, the poor as well as great,

None will allow his happiness complete.

The maid exclaims, how wretched is my life !

And thinks it hard that she's not made a wife :

The wife cries out, how happy should I be,

Had I a coach and four, or vis-a-vis!

Suppose all these obtain'd, they'd *hope* for more,

And so remain as wretched as before.

The *auctioneer*, who various goods does sell,

As saddles, warming-pans, or sounding bell ;

Paper, and other things, I know not what,

Had never yet of happiness one lot.

Nuthing but earthly things we buy for gold,

True happiness was never bought or sold.

But future happiness you yet my gain :

Keep strict the *Sabbath*, or your labour's vain ;

To all your dealings faithful be and true,

And use mankind as you'd have them use you ;

Keep reason's path, from that ne'er go astray,

And always let discretion guide your way ;

From morn to night make God your constant care, 11
 And let his praise 'e-echo thro' the air; *Or Philom.* 5
 Upon your pillow, ere you go to sleep, 10, 3
 Pray to the Lord of hosts your soul to keep:
 Remember he it was who gave you breath,
 The same can strike you instantly with death.
 Then trust in him who rules above the sky,
 And you'll be happy to eternity.

34. *Reflections on Worldly Happiness; by Mr Wm P Burman.*

Obedient to our great Creator's plan,
 From owls and insects vile, quite up to man, *Or Philom.* 5
 All, all, my friends are mould'ring dust and clay,
 And all to death at last must homage pay.
 What's then this world! a lump of crumbling earth,
 Whence men as well as brutes derive their birth;
 Where we thro' hope must grovel for a while, 1
 Destin'd to sleepless cares and daily toil. 3
 Here misers, in the midst of plenty, poor,
 Their gold lock up, and as their God adore. *Warm. p.* 2
 Here one repines that fortune proves severe,
 And on his pillow drops the secret tear; 10
 Others uneasy, tho' more in wealth and state,
 Would change their saddle for a wool-pack seat; 4
 And having gain'd it, sacrifice each hour
 To the devotion of some tyrant's power.
 Others there are who place their chief delight
 In auctioneering shews, or *May-day* fight; 8, 11
 Or like the beau, with rings and dangling cane,
 Himself admires, and doth all else disdain.
 Another wounded with a fair one's charms,
 Is only happy in his mistress' arms:
 Thus different prompted our frail vessels sail,
 Puff'd by each flatt'ring wind, or adverse gale.
 Tho' doom'd to ceaseless care and varied woe,
 Whilst we remain as pilgrims here below;
 Yet let us not, ye fair, our fate bemoan,
 But live resign'd.—Th' Almighty's will be done:
 For like a dream our years will pass away,
 And soon shall we put off these bonds of clay.
 Then while thro' scenes of life we quickly glide,
 Oh! let no *Sunday's* vice our minds misguide; 12
 But conscious of the prize fair virtue gives,
 As fairest paper spotless, be our lives:
 So when the doleful knell shall close our eyes,
 And angels wait to waft us to the skies;
 When, pleas'd to find all pain and anguish o'er,
 Enraptur'd friends shall meet, and nothing part'em more. 6

15. The same answered by Mr W Gradidge, of Canterbury.

A warming pan, or sounding bell,	2, 7
A saddle and sweet Philomel,	4, 5
I hope make four enigmas plain,	1
Or else I read your book in vain;	9
And sleep and auctioneer I'm sure,	3, 8
As clear as light unfolds two more;	
Then nothing else remains to say,	6
But Sunday, pillow, and May-day.	12, 10, 11

16. The same by Mr J Hunt, of S Stratford.

Warm'd with hope I apply	2, 1
To my dear Lady Die,	
With her I would willingly range:	
Should the prize be my lot,	
Long by fortune forgot,	
I'll rejoice at so happy a change.	
With the nightingale's strains	5
Which will flow from the plains,	
The bells of the village shall join;	7
For then all things are gay,	
At first dawn of the May,	11
When mirth, love, and music combine.	
Then my sleep I'll forsake;	3
All such joys to partake,	
My pillow no longer shall please;	10
For I'll saddle my horse;	4
And direct my fond course	
To the scenes of contentment and ease.	
There no noise of a sale,	8
On the plains shall prevail,	
Where nothing but harmony flows;	6
All the pleasures of life,	
Quite devoid of all strife,	
The true happy villager knows.	
The blest Sabbath he spends,	12
With his books as his friends,	9
That lead to the regions above;	
And when death calls away,	
He'll in peace then obey,	
And fly to the mansions of love.	

17. An Acrostic Answer, by Mr. John Jackson, of Hutton-Rudby School.

Hope, that sweet nurse of fond desires,	1
Every warming thought inspires:	2

<i>No sleeping peasant, but by thee</i>	3
<i>Rides e'er on saddle horse so free.</i>	4
<i>Yon nightingale we now do hear,</i>	5
<i>Makes notes melodious to the ear:</i>	6
<i>E'en bells ring sweet.—But see yon crowd!</i>	7
<i>Lo! how the <i>salesman</i> bawls aloud;</i>	8
<i>L awns, paper, other goods household,</i>	9
<i>A nd pillow cases to be sold.</i>	10
<i>No one give more this good <i>May-day</i>,</i>	11
<i>B uy now,—to-morrow we must pray,</i>	12
<i>You see the goods, pray bid away.</i>	}

18. *The same answered by Mr Philip Rusher.*

<i>Sweet warbling Philomel, thy plaintive song</i>	5
<i>Just suits the mournful temper of my mind;</i>	1
<i>Still will I hope to hear thy tuneful tongue,</i>	10, 3
<i>When pillow'd sleep has other eyes confin'd.</i>	
<i>Mine be the choice to rove the pastures round,</i>	11
<i>At silent eve when <i>May</i> her sweets bestows,</i>	
<i>To view the spangled arch with planets crown'd,</i>	
<i>And from the fragrant shrub to pluck the rose.</i>	
<i>Here would I stray, unsaddled with the cares</i>	4
<i>In which the busy bustiling world would live,</i>	
<i>Mark how a gracious Maker's love appears,</i>	
<i>And to his Sabbath due observance give.</i>	12
<i>Let others, to beguile the lazy hour,</i>	
<i>Shine in the <i>ring</i>, at <i>auctions</i>, balls or plays,</i>	7, 8
<i>Or to obtain the sinle of affluent power,</i>	
<i>'To patron worth <i>warm panegyrics</i> raise.</i>	2
<i>There let the n shine, 'tis there their province lies;</i>	
<i>'Tis mine in some sequeiter'd vate to know</i>	
<i>The calm delights domestic life supplies,</i>	
<i>With nothing to disturb the grateful flow.</i>	6
<i>A book or social friend I'd sometimes choose,</i>	9
<i>Nor wholly banish the enliv'ning glass;</i>	
<i>They'd give relief to life's unpleasing views,</i>	
<i>And make my days in grateful blessing pass.</i>	

Besides the foregoing, and the answers in the Diary, the following persons also gave ingenious answers to the Enigmas, viz. Miss R b Allanson, Ezeiel Am'rese, W cinderson, T B, Rob Barwick, Mrs. Eliza Baufor, J Bayley, E W Bexham, Miss Ruth Bridget, S Brockopp, John Brown, Miss Sally Brewe, R Bullock, J Burr, Miss F C, John Curns, Calophilus, Richard Denning, John Farcy, Peter Fidler, John Filles, M. Fleck, A G, Thomas Gell, J Goss, W H Hall, G Harris, Miss Pelly Harrison, Rob Hendy, junr, Henry Holme, Homespun, Jonathan Hernby, J J, Wm King, John Lowry, Revd M M—e, J B Minus, Naturus, O'd Man, Marcus, Henry Mellany, Melponene, Minor, Joseph Nendick, Miss G Newte, Thos Nield, Thos Osborne, S. Oxley, Hugh Parry, Thos

Peat,
Joe S.
Wm S.
James

Rebus and Charades answered. 25

Peat, Rob Pickard, Geo Roco, W. Rose, Alex Rowe, Jas Scholefield,
Joe Sherwin, J Singleton, Francis Smith, John Smith, Geo Stevens, Wm Swift, Vicanus, Henry Vice, J Walton, Kit Went, John Williams, James Wood, and several others.

ANSWERS to the REBUSES and CHARADES.

Rebus.

- 1 Woolton,
- 2 Jane Richardson,
- 3 Pearson,
- 4 Richardson,

Charades.

- 1 Carpet,
- 2 Rainbow,
- 3 Church-yard,
- 4 Loadstone.

The Rebus and Charades answered by Vicanus.

Fair rose the morn, in brightest robes array'd,
On pathless gales the streamers loosely play'd ;
Near to her port the stately ship now drew,
And gladsome were the unsuspecting crew :
Each in idea clasp'd his wife or lass,
Forgot the loadstone, freely push'd the glass. —
Soon fled their joys—they saw the tempest rise,
Obscure the sun, nor rainbow gilds the skies.
Sore rag'd the sea ; with one tremendous shock
The vessel struck, and founder'd on the rock.
Nor strength prevails, dexterity can't save ;
All helpless sink into one hapless grave.
With church-yard dust their corples ne'er shall blend ;
Nor can relations say, here lies my friend.
You, Woolton, Richardson, and Pearson, who
Have hearts so feeling, mourn this scene of woe ;
And ye, soft fair, who carpets tread at ease,
Drop a sad tear o'er mis'ries of the seas.

The Rebus answered by Mr J Walton, of Allen Town.

Let Wo lton's pen describe in lofty verse,
Or Richardson's poetic strains rehearse,
The worth, the virtues, of Jane Richardson,
By thee, illustrious Pearson ! scarce outdone :
My humbler muse shall no vain efforts try,
To raise thy fame beyond the azure sky ;
Since all attempts would here avail thee nought,
Where the dell poet's either sold or bought :
But virtue shall on golden pinions soar,
Amidst confusions crash, and worlds no more.

The same by Mr W Gradige, of Canterbury.

When I'm dispos'd to choose a wife,
Who's free from ev'ry jar and strife,
To lady Di, I'll straight repair,
And supplicate to view her fair :
There I shall find abounding store,
Miss Richardson, and twenty more ;

Miss Pearson too ! ah wou'd that dame
 With me consent to change her name !
 But what will Woolston say the while ?
 Will Richardson once deign a smile ?
 He may or not, as suits him best ;
 Say you'll be mine, dear maid, I'm blest.

*On the Death of a near Relation, by Mr Geo Beswick, of
 Coalshaw Green.*

My dear Maria dead ! farewell each joy
 This world can give, or cruel fate destroy !
 Her charms attractive to my heart did feel
 More than the loadstone to the polish'd steel !
 In thee all virtues shone, and every grace
 That claims respect among the human race :
 Neat, without pomp ; nor carpet deck'd thy floor ;
 No painted walls, nor knocker at thy door.
 How vain is hope ! how short its measur'd stay !
 And like the rainbow vanishes away.
 Cropt in thy bloom, thou heavenly nymph art fled
 Hence, to be number'd with the sleeping dead.
 In yon church-yard, beneath the maple's shade,
 Thy dear remains within the earth are laid.

The Rebuses answered by Mr John Unwin, of Wirksworth.

How accurate are Woolston's lines,
 How musical they flow ;
 In Richardson what grace combines,
 His pleasing numbers show.
 Jane Richardson's the lovely fair,
 A goddess in disguise ;
 Pearson's renown'd for jetty hair,
 And virtue is her prize.

*The 4th Charade Acrostically answered by Mr G R of South
 Audley Street.*

L ong time I've been plowing the ocean,
 O r sooner I'd waited on you ;
 A ll my breast was in a commotion,
 D ebarred so long from my Sue.
 S ecure of your faith and your favour,
 T he whirlwinds shall below in vain ;
 O N shore I'm returned for ever ;
 E nough I have had of the main.

Many ingenious answers to the rebuses and charades were also given by Messrs Rob Allanson, J B, Minus, Rob Barwick, Mrs Eliz Baufor, J Bayley, E W Bloxbam, Wm Boyer, Miss Sally Browne, R Bullock, J Bumsted, Wm P Burman, J Burr, John Burrow, Miss F C, J Cavill, Clericus, Tho Cock, Jos Corwing, John Cullyer, Rd Dening, G Dixon, Thos Eland, John Farcy, Peter Fidler, M Flick, J G, Wm Gales, Thos Gell,

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J. Goole, W H Hall, Rob Hendy, Henry Holme, Homespun, Jonathan Hornby, J J, Wm Jones, Wm King, J Lewin, G Lodge, John Lawry, C Luther, Kewd M M—e, Marcus, Henry Mellanby, Jas Metcalfe, Minor, Jos Nendick, Miss G Newoc, Thos Nield, S Oxley, Hugh Parry, Thos Peat, Alex Rowe, Joe Shurwin, J Singleton, Miss Betty Smales, Francis Smith, J Smith, Geo Stevenjon, Wm Swift, Thos Truswell, Henry Vice, R. Watkins, John Williams, Jas Wood, and several others.

ANSWERS TO THE QUERIES.

Query 1. Answered by Mr W Bearcroft, of Nawton.

I am informed by my ingenious friend Mr R Burton, that the lead-eater is the gum of a certain tree in America, procured by making incisions in the bark; which gum being spread, at several times, over a kind of model of clay, is formed into a figure similar to the inclosed mould. After the gum is dry, the mould is broken to pieces, and so extracted. To make it black the natives smoke the gum as they spread it over the model. It seems the process may be seen at large in M. Fourcroy's elementary lectures on chymistry, just translated into English.

The same by Miss Polly Harrison, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

The elastic gum, or lead-eater, is made by the Indians in the following manner. They have a tin bottle, with figures or impressions on the inside, which will open round the middle, like a mould; in which is inclosed another made of clay, or other earth, quite solid, in such a manner as to admit of the gum, which comes from a tree called the Fungus, to run in between the two, and so take the form and impressions. When the gum is dry, the outer mould is taken off, and the clay broken and shaken out of the gum bottle.

Mr John Burrow, of Bolton Field, says that

He tried some of our common funguses, or puff-balls, which grow out of the earth like mushrooms, and found them to answer the same purpose as the elastic gum, in taking out of paper marks of lead, &c, though not quite so well as the Indian rubber, probably owing to their being too ripe gathered. Which may be a useful discovery.

Query 2. Answered by Mrs Eliz Bauer, of Edingley.

This by Servius, and others, is interpreted of a well in Syne, wholly illuminated at noon in the summer solstice. By some it is understood of the grave and monument of one Cælius, of no larger extent. And by Petrus Cyaconius, of a pit in Rome, called Mundus. When Romulus built the city of Roine, he sent for certain chosen men out of Etruria,

to compose laws, and settle religion; and a pit being digged in the ground near the comitium, and the first fruits of all their possessions cast into it, they at last each of them threw in a small piece of their native earth. This pit they called Mundus; which name is likewise attributed to the heaven, in whose center they built the city.

The same by Mr Henry Holme, of Sliagill.

This is that difficult enigma with which Virgil has puzzled all his commentators. I take the exposition of Servius to be the most probable: he refers Cœli in the original to one Cœlius of Mantua, who having spent the best part of his patrimony, reserved as much as would purchase a sepulchre of three ells. Others take the word in its common acceptation, and think themselves very arch in unravelling the knot, by getting to the bottom of a pit or well; and then asking if the *spatia coelia*, which from thence is visible, does much exceed three ells.

The same by Mr John Culver, Assistant at Mr M'Kain's School, Bungay, Suffolk.

This query has been proposed and answered before (see the Ladies Diary for 1756, 1757 and 1758), probably without the present proposer's knowledge. With respect to the answer, I am inclined to think that the poet's idea of our system was, that the earth and sky met at a certain distance; and that he proposed this query, to know in what part of the earth a man must be placed, to be within three ells of the sky.

Query 3. Answered by Mr Rd Waugh, of Bushblades.

As the burning of a culinary fire depends on the same principle as animal heat, viz. on the evolution of phlogiston, and as in the sunshine the air is replete with phlogiston, and therefore cannot admit of that arising from the fuel during its combustion; consequently the vigour of the fire, which is always proportionate to the discharge of such phlogiston from the fire, must decrease as the sun's beams are more copiously thrown upon it, or the atmosphere more saturated with it.

Mr Alex Rowe, of Reginnis, says

The great heat of the sun shining rarefies the air to such a degree, that it cannot keep up our fires with the power or force necessary for their operation; and so, for want of a dense or strong air, they in many cases are extinguished. As to the nature of the solar and culinary fire, they seem to be the same, since they produce like effects, allowing for their different power or strength of action.

And Mr J Hunt, of Stony Stratford, says

The opinion of philosophers is, that the sun cannot put out a farthing candle, much less the fire. However, the sun, by rarefying the air about the fire, prevents it from being furnished with the usual supply of air up the chimney, which may contribute to deaden its fervour.

Query 4. Answered by Mr John Dalton, of Kendal.

By which of the ancients the ring was first invented and worn, seems doubtful. The first among whom we find the ring in use are the Hebrews, Genes. 38; where Judah, Jacob's son, gives Thamar his ring or signet, as a pledge of his promise. But the ring appears to have been in use at the same time among the Egyptians, from Gen. 41, where Pharaoh puts his ring on Joseph's hand, as a mark of the power he gave him.—It appears likewise from several places in scripture, that the ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, &c, had the use of the ring. Aulus Gellius informs us, (lib. 10.) that the Greeks wore the ring always on the fourth finger of the left-hand; and the reason he gives for it is, that having found from anatomy that this finger had a little nerve which went straight to the heart, they esteemed it the most honourable by reason of this communication with that noble part. More may be seen on this head in Chambers's Cyclopaedia.

Mr John Jackson, says,

Rings formerly had signets, with which the ancients used to seal their vows, deeds, or covenants, &c; and they were therefore given as tokens or pledges to seal their vows of marriage. And the reason for putting it on the fourth finger, &c, as above.

And Mr G Lodge, says

Some carry the origin of that custom as far back as the Hebrews, on the authority of a text in Exodus xxxv. 32. Leo of Modena, however, maintains that the ancient Hebrews did not use any nuptial ring. Seklen, in his Uxor Ebraica, lib. 2 c. 14, says that they gave a ring in the marriage, but that it was only in lieu of a piece of money of the same value, which it had been usual to give before. The Greeks and Romans did the same, and from them the Christians took it up very early, as appears from Tertullian, and in some ancient liturgies, where we find the form of blessing the nuptial ring. The Greeks wore them altogether on the fourth finger of the left hand, &c, as above.

The same by Mr W H Hall, Barrister at Law.

Emblematical of the truth and sincerity that should exist in the connubial state. The Assyrians were the first people who used it. The Jews were their followers—it proceeds from a notion that a blood-vessel leads from the ring or fourth finger to the heart, the seat of life, affection, and love.

Other ingenious Answers to the Queries were given by Messrs Amator, Rob Barwick, J Bayley, G o Beswick, Wm Boxer, John Cairns, John Civil, Tho Cock, J Farey, Peter Fidler, J Lowry, Henry Mellanby, Thos Peat, J Singleton, J Walton, and B. Worship.

Any poetical Letters that are intended exclusively for the Supplement, may be sent before the last of May, directed to D. A. at Mr. Davis's, Printer, No 91, Chancery-lane, London: to be Post paid, or they will not be received.

NEW ENIGMAS.

XI. Enigma 707, by Mr Tho Woolston, of Adderbury.

Let others chill the mind with dread alarms,
 Of horrid war and direful clashing arms,
 Of savage moniters haunting gloomy glades,
 Of spectres gliding thro' night's dreary shades:
 Nothing terrific here salutes your sight;
 A sprightly elfin, rob'd in purest white,
 Now craves admission. Ladies pray attend,
 In mystic guise behold a well-known friend.
 A friend! nay, ladies start not, I am known
 A useful friend to all, from Britain's throne,
 Down to the hut on yonder lonely plain,
 Where pallid want and languid sickness reign.
 The learned arts, nay taxes too, and trade,
 Owe great improvement to my useful aid.
 And few there are d.n.y this meed of praise,
 I make atonement for their ill-spent days.
 But some who fear their deeds should be reveal'd
 Make it their care to keep me close conceal'd.
 My nature's such, alone I seldom roam,
 Nor ever wish to quit my native home;
 Yet when night's sable banner all unfurl'd,
 Involves in pitchy darkness half the world,
 Dauntless to guard the traveller I go,
 Nor fear the unknown floods or drifted snow;]
 And such my power, the hero feels a dread,
 If e'er he dares to seize me by the head,
 Lest for his busy rashness, in my ire,
 I doom him to repent by scorching fire.
 Methinks I've said enough to tell my name,
 And gain the tribute of Diarian fame;
 But one word more, for those who still may doubt,
 And wish some plainer hint to find me out;
 Thro' all the village let them look around.
 Perhaps they'll find me prisoner in the pound.

XII. Or Prize Enigma, by Mr. Rob Richardson, Fresterty.

(Whoever answers it before Candlemas-day has a chance for
 eight Diaries, with the Supplement, and another for eight
 allo.)

Rise, tow'ring muse, on eagle's wings sublime,
 Beyond the utmost bounds of space and time;
 Thro' earth and heav'n direct thy daring flight,
 And pierce the confines of eternal night:
 Bid ravish'd mortals own my boundless sway,
 Proclaim my power, and hail my genial ray.
 Say, first, thro' all creation's trackless space,
 What piercing eye my limits dares to trace?

Where other suns enlighten other skies,
And countless systems in gradation rise,
My empire, boundless, unconfin'd, extends
To nature's verge—to time's remotest ends.—
Description fails.—

Then, (to this speck of earth alone, confin'd)
Say, how I lord it o'er the human mind ;
Yet, not a tyrant, but a welcome guest ;
Joy to each heart, and balm to ev'ry breast ;
Save where sad melancholy, grief, or guilt,
For friend or lover lost, or life-blood spilt,
Dejects the soul ; I then increase each woe,
Bring black despair, and tenfold pangs bestow.
The philosophic sage, with piercing eye ;
The love-lorn youth who "heaves the heart-felt sigh;"
The fawning statesman at the levee hour ;
And the rapt poet in Arcadian bower ;
The miser, o'er his hoard, the midnight thief ;
Mourn in my chains, or feel my kind relief.
In Bethlem's cells, by bars and bolts secur'd,
See the sad ruins of mankind immur'd !
Behold me there, my utmost powers employ,
Or doubling woes, or heightning every joy.
When you, ye fair your downy "pillows press,"
And balmy sleep exerts her power to bless ;
Attendant, oft I touch each tender breast,
Urge the deep sigh, or make you doubly blest.

NEW CHARADES.

I. Charade 8, *by Ecclesiae.*

When Strephon bids his dear-lov'd maid adieu,
My first presents a melancholy view ;
My second is a load no man can bear ;
My whole, right join'd, will name a virtuous fair.

II. Charade 9, *by Mr Wm Jones, of Heyford.*

Hail lovely first ! in youthful charms array'd,
Beheld with envy by each rival maid ;
Go prove the sweets thy state can only know,
The fount, the source of ev'ry joy below.
My next with yawning mouth expos'd to view,
How fatal prov'd to youth and beauty too ;
Yet highly priz'd in patriarchal days ;
Its copious stores still merit highest praise.
My whole oft checks the strumpet's lew'd career,
And erring youth has mourn'd its follies here.

III. Charade 10, by Mr G Lodge of Linton.

My first a seat of bliss that fav'rites share,
My next as centinel, doth hardships bear,
My whole's oft-times a fav'rite of the fair.

IV. Charade 11, by Mr J T, to Miss Judith.

Accompanied with a present from Strephon.

When I beheld my Judith's charming face,
With joy my first the tend'rest passion feels ;
And till my second's ty'd, it will increase,
For gently on my throbbing heart it steals.
Fairest of maids, propitious to my pray'r,
May I entreat thee to accept my whole ;
A token from the swain who loves thee dear,
For Strephon loves thee as he loves his soul.

V. Charade 12, by Antonia.

My first is bright, and fixt above,
My second grows on earth,
My whole chants sweetly in the grove,
And gives my charade birth.

VI. Charade 13, by Miss Sally Browne, of Honiton.

My first, if naturally trac'd,
Is parent to my second always plac'd.
My second's seen three hundred times a year,
And blesses mortals with reviving chear.
My whole's the offspring of my other two,
And latly puzzl'd the discerning few.

As the Editor of the Ladies Diary has undertaken this Supplement, at his own sole Risk and Expence, for the Improvement of the Diary, and to oblige the more of his learned and increasing Contributors, by thus preserving a Number of their ingenious Compositions from being lost, for want of Room to comprise them all in the narrow Limits of the Diary; he hopes all Friends of that useful and amusing little Work will extend the Knowledge and Sale of this Supplement as much as they can amongst their acquaintance.

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